

ON THE SEVENTEENTH.—THE IRISHMAN'S IDEA OF ATLAS.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres.; A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice Pres.
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-300 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1776. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1911.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

TO THE SENATE, "WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." The gods at present are busily engaged with the United States Senate. Perhaps it is not their intention utterly to destroy it—we trust not, at all events, because the Senate *could* be made useful—but merely to boost along the movement for the popular election of Senators. That movement undeniably has been given a boost, and by the very body that is opposed to it; namely, the United States Senate. Hence its madness. On what other ground may one account for the recent performance, or rather non-performance, of the Senate? At a time when public sentiment and political organizations are declaring that the Senate is an obstructionist body, out of sympathy with the popular will, and contrary to the spirit of modernized American institutions, the Senate convicts itself on all three counts with neatness and despatch. Never in recent years has the Senate done a better job for the cause of Senatorial reform. Swelling the sum total of blunder and blind stupidity was the Senate's action in the case of LORIMER, an action taken in the face of warnings none too solemn. All in all, advocates of the popular election of Senators are to be congratulated on the strides they have made with the Senate's aid. There is no occasion to be cast down because the Senate seated LORIMER, shelved Reciprocity, knifed the Parcels Post, and did



"YES, DARLING, I'LL KEEP THE PLEDGES I MADE."

various other "Old-Guard" stunts. The occasion rather is one for joy, so helpful, without intending to be, has the Senate been to the cause of genuine democracy. There is no particular hurry. The worse things get, the surer and more thorough will be the remedy. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

APPROPOS of vivisection and the campaign against it which is going on in several States, it occurs to us to wonder whether anti-vivisectionists are ever ill? We presume, like

HIS WIFE WON'T LET HIM.



"HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE SOME PLACE?"



"GEE! HERE COMES MY WIFE!"

other flesh, they occasionally "feel sick," and feeling so, call on or call in a doctor. And there's the rub! They consult a *doctor*, one of those fiends in human form who torture helpless animals for the fun of the thing! Those whom they condemn as brutes and barbarians when they are well, they appeal to and trust implicitly when they are sick. Does n't it ever occur to an anti-vivisectionist that a man with enough human sympathy in his system to be a successful physician cannot consistently be classed with boys who cut off a cat's tail or pull off a fly's wing! We presume it would be extremely improper and decidedly unprofessional in a doctor if, when an anti-vivisectionist rang him up at two o'clock in the morning and asked him to "Come around right away," he should politely but firmly decline on the ground that it was n't a brute and a torturer that the "anti" needed in his household at the moment, but a bearer of help and mercy.

TARIFF revision should n't be regarded as such a Herculean task. In reality, and as SHERLOCK HOLMES would say, it is simplicity itself. All the next Congress has to do to suit everybody is to reduce the tariff upon the things we buy and keep it up on the things we sell. In that way nobody will be dissatisfied, and Congress will be overwhelmed with congratulations.



"YOU BOLD THING! I WANT YOU TO LEAVE MY G. O. P. ALONE!"

PUCK



A KISS FOR EACH YEAR.

METHUSELAH'S FEMALE RELATIVES GREET HIM ON HIS NINE HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

THE CROSSED FINGERS.

He swore that her kiss was the first he had had;
But his fingers were crossed!
He'd kissed but his mother, when he was a lad—
Yes, his fingers were crossed!
He vowed that not only he'd ne'er had a taste
Of quivering lips, but that no other waist
Had ever been clasped by his arm. Then in haste
His two fingers he crossed!

The sparkler he gave her he'd purchased that day
But his fingers were crossed!
No previous maiden had worn it—nay, nay!
But his fingers were crossed!
And never, so long as his life should endure,
Would eye, cheek, or lip of another maid lure,—
He knew it,—past every doubt he was sure,—
But his fingers were crossed!

She listened to all of the guff he had said
While his fingers were crossed!
She laid on his bosom her wise little head
While his fingers were crossed!
She answered so low that the famed "little bird"
Who peddles sweet secrets could scarcely have heard
As she breathed, "Oh, my love, I believe every word!"
But her fingers were crossed!

Strickland Gillilan.

ALWAYS.

TIME haunted her. She laughed at him, she resorted to a thousand devices whereby to discomfort him, but he was not to be shaken off. At length she lost her temper. "Can't you see," she flared out reluctantly, "that there's no room for you where beauty dwells?" "There is always," Time rejoined, touching his scythe significantly, "room for one mower!"

A BAD BREAK.

MALONEY.—Shure, it was a sad Pathrick's Day for Casey! Th' Hibernian Hod-Carriers' Union bought a mule for th' parade, and Casey wint an' suggested that it be called th' "Union Jack!"



BARNYARD CONVERSATION.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF CHANTECLER BY THE COHENSTEIN DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

**Where men have need of certainty without proof, they call it a moral certainty.
It is especially convenient to found bigotry upon.**

ROMANCE.

THIS is the commonplace romance
Of one that never eyed askance
Nor feared to take a likely chance,
A handsome lad and perky.
Antipodes of churl-or boor
And in his way a Kohinoor,
But poor as—*entre nous*, as poor
As Job, his well-known turkey!

When first he drove Frau
Pfennig's car
His sloe eyes ever looked afar
On something distant as a star,
And in the tonneau—never!
He mollified the dourest cops,
And on a tour among the shops
Sat through interminable stops
Like Patience at the lever.

Anon the schemer stood ace high
Alike with—but why specify?
And then he foxily let fly
A line of fancy twaddle;
The which, boiled down, made known
the need
Of something with more style, more speed,
In short, as he who runs may read,
Another, newer model.

It came, the many-cylindere,
But hardly had its honk been heard
Than Machiavel much preferred
A build reputed better.
And soon, so well he played the game,
No month but hailed a different name—
(One hears *Die Wittwe* loud exclaim:
"Ach Gott!" und "*Donnerwetter!*")

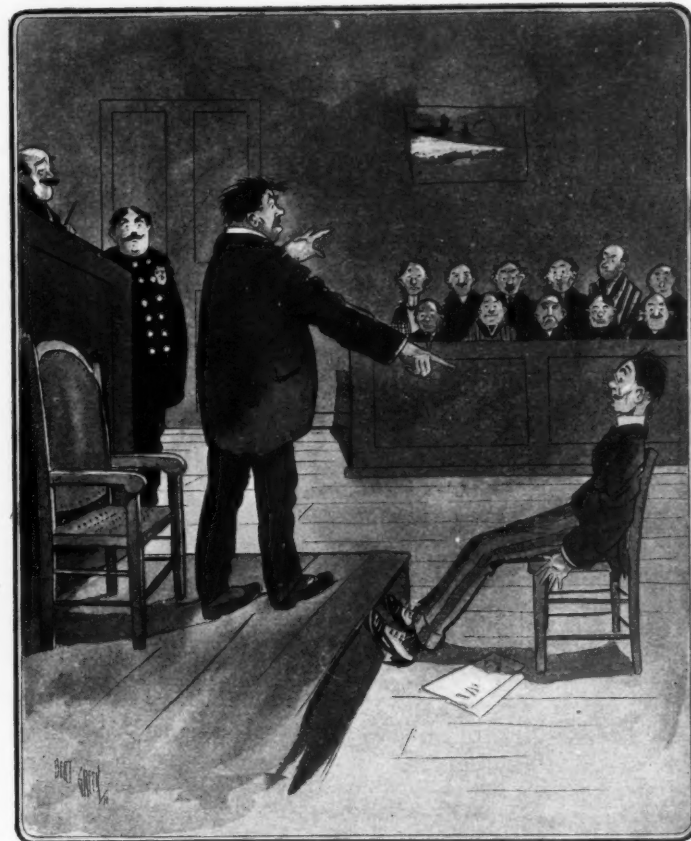
A rake-off on each new machine,
The same on tires and gasoline,
Repairmen's bills and—well, between
These generous commissions,
Pourboire, tips, *trinkgeld* (as might be
The giver's nationality),
Mistress and man financially
Ere long had changed positions.

Decamp? You might think that he would
With all those thalers to the good;
But he it clearly understood
He was no common grafter!
No! No! Chivalrous citizen,
He made the widow wife again,
And, so 't is chronicled, they then
Lived happily e'er after!

Edward W. Barnard.

WHO MADE THE SELF-MADE MAN?

HE SAID he did it himself. Two or three of his various employers claimed the honor because they had seen his ability and promoted him. An old friend demanded the credit on account of that three hundred



IN HIS OWN DEFENCE.

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR.—Now, I asks yer, gents of the jury, if I'd got away with all that swag, like they say I did, d' yer s'pose I'd have hired this here little fifteen-dollar lawyer t' defend me?

dollars he had once let the self-made man have at a time when it had meant a lot. Another old friend, who had never made a success of anything, said it was all due to the good advice he had given the self-made man.

Several newspaper men, whom he did not even know, said they had been the chief instruments, inasmuch as they had written the frequent boosts that had finally landed him at the top.

His old school-teacher, a grocer who had carried him through a hard winter, and a spell-binder who had stumped for him when he ran for office, all put in claims.

His wife said nothing at all, but she knew, though she hardly admitted it to herself, that she had done ninety per cent. of it. No one, not even the self-made man, knew so well as she what a poor job it was, anyway.

Walter G. Doty.

TIP TO PIKERS.

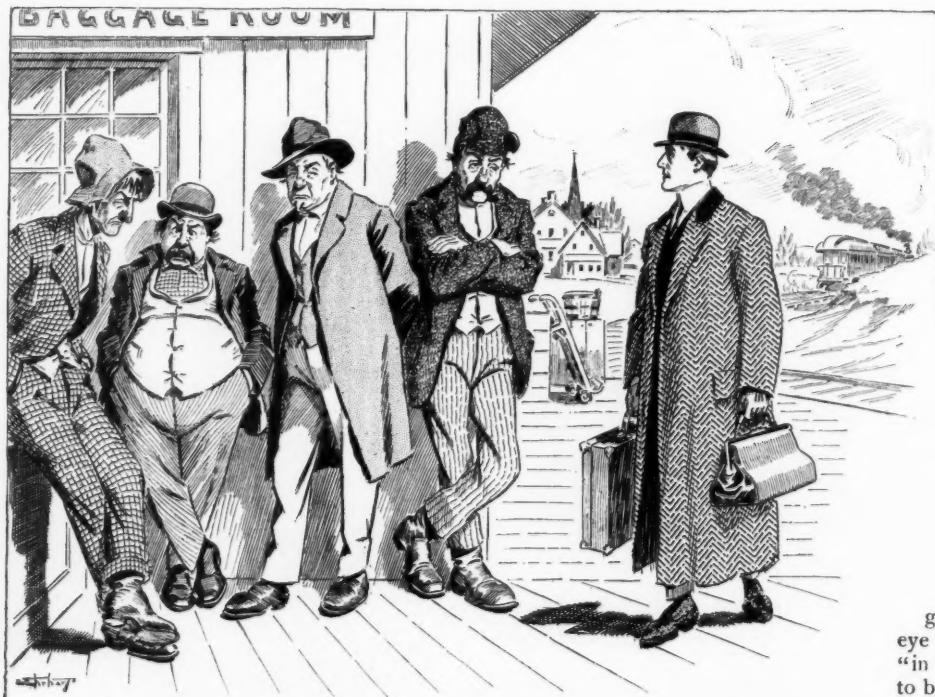
CRIMES of great men oft remind us
We can make *our* crimes sublime,
Stealing big things like Alaska,—
Not a little at a time.

THE PARTICULAR DIFFICULTY.

PROMETHEUS, having stolen fire from heaven, contemplated his booty not without misgivings. "It means great comforts for man," quoth he, "and great difficulties as well!" Here he turned his prophetic eye on the future. "Particularly," he went on to specify, "in the form of footlights, than which nothing is destined to be harder to get bright things across!"

WHICH IS PREFERABLE?

THE POOR CHILD.—Me parents get six months on the Island!
THE RICH CHILD.—Well, I get six months with each parent!

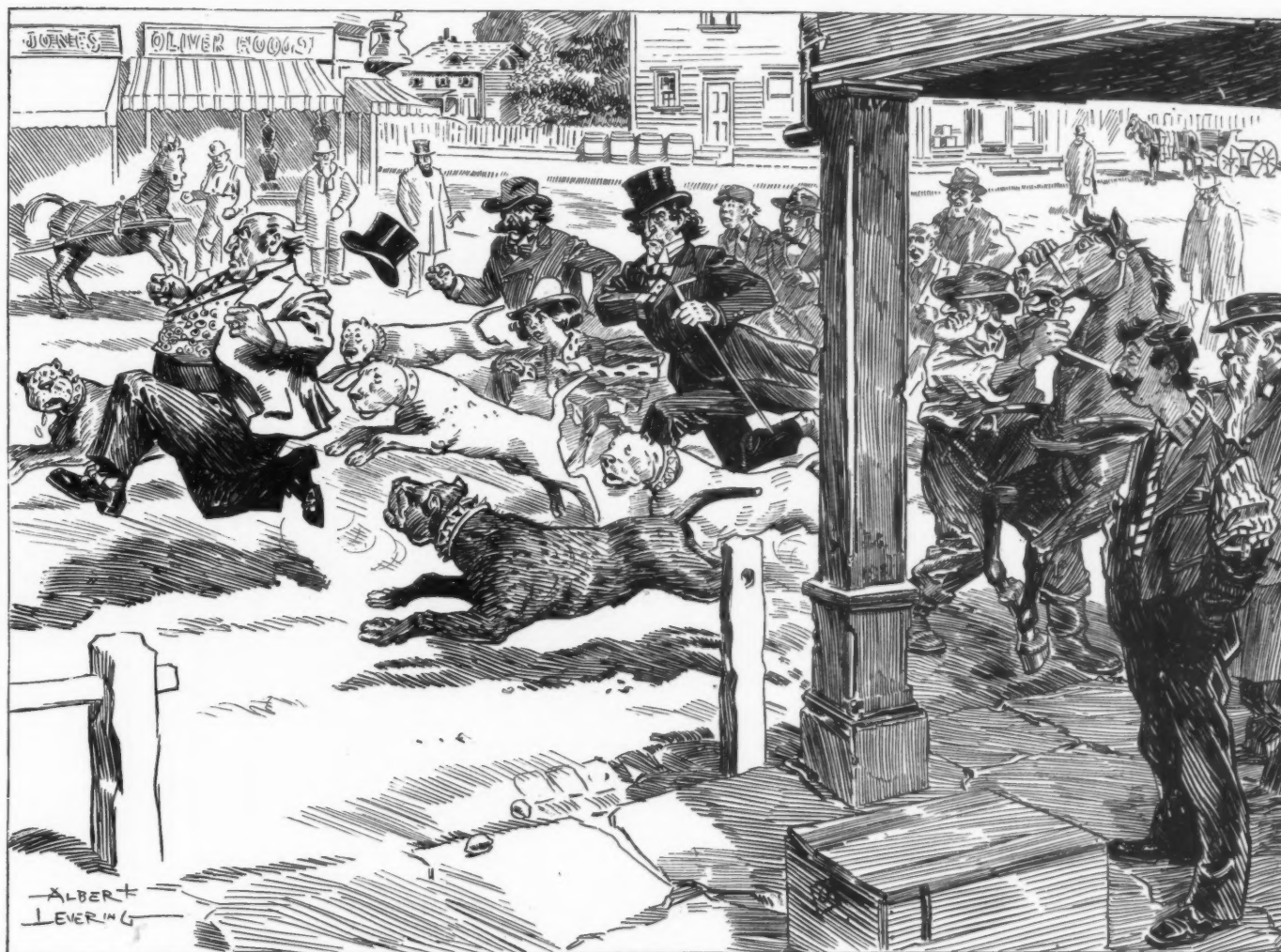


ANSWERED ERE HE ASKED.

SUNDAY ARRIVAL.—Can a man get a drink in this town to-day?
DISCONSOLATE CHORUS OF NATIVES.—Do we look it?

By no means the least obstacle in the way of human progress is the fact that the further we advance the more dishes there are to wash.

The Thur-ric Accur-r-r-r-sed Moving-Picture Octopus.



"Chased him to the woods east of the town with six ferocious Siberian man-eating bloodhounds."

Two theatrical troupes met at the depot the other day—one a *Ten Nights in a Barroom* company that had showed here the night before to sixteen dollars and ten cents, and the other an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* aggregation that arrived by the same train that the other company was going to leave on," explained the landlord of the Pruntytown tavern.

"They held a brief but earnest conference in front of the depot, and then retired around behind the edifice. There a long, lank man with a deep voice thrust it into the buzzom of his Prince Albert coat and told them in no uncertain tones that he had not come there to talk, b'cuz they knew too well the story of their thralldom. They were sul-laves, he stated; the bright sun rising in the east beheld a race of slaves; when it set, its last declining beam fell on a slave, made so, he 'peared to think, by the thur-ric accur-r-r-r-sed moving-picture octopus.

"A moment later they were marching up the street in solid phalanx, as the feller called it, toward the Oh You Kid moving-picture theatre, dragging the bloodhounds behind them. Arriving there, they took up bricks and stones and what-not, and busted in the front of the picture-show in a most dramatic manner, and when Hefty Mitchell, the manager, came pouring out to inquire whine-'ell they were so doing, they all arose in one voice and chased him to the woods east of the town with the six ferocious Siberian man-eating bloodhounds nipping at his posterity at every jump.

"Some of the spectators thought it was prob'ly an advertising dodge on the part of Hefty Mitchell, free and fully as enjoyable as the pay pictures. And certain of our most conservative citizens decided that

b'cuz, as far as known, Hefty had n't done anything but run a moving-picture show, he deserved to escape if he could. So none of us really felt called upon to interfere so's you'd notice it.

"The Ten Nights went away on a later train lookin' sort o' satisfied, and the Tommers showed in the Op'ry Hall that night to the biggest house assembled there since the time the home-talents played *Samson and Delilah*, nearly six months ago, with two medium-sized fellers doing *Samson* b'cuz they could n't find one man, except a drunken Irishman over at the brickyard village, to do the part. So, as you might say, competition is the life of the drayma."

Tom P. Morgan.



One-Grain Truth-Tablet.

WITHOUT APOLOGIES.

TO THE average woman a bird in the hat is worth two in the bush.

Teeth are stronger than fiction.

Why expect excellence in your wife when even the cook is far from perfect?

Gall is greater than godliness.

The surest passport for admittance into the Smart Set is a dull mind.

Say little, but do everybody.

A thing of beauty is an expense to somebody.

A good coat may hide a creased shirt, but a clove betrays its secret every time.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the typewriter is awarded the damages.

Nothing is so sacred to a woman as the obligation to find out something about someone else's business.

Aitch Vee.



WHEREIN HE DISCOVERS THAT HE IS RATHER FASTIDIOUS, AFTER ALL.

SURE, she was pretty and natty and bright enough—

Nice little kid with a beautiful smile,
And I'll admit she was togged up all right enough,

All to the good in the matter of style.
Still, I don't think I will trouble to call again,

Maybe I'm finicky, maybe I'm queer,
Nevertheless, I hope never will fall again
Language like hers on my sensitive ear.

Swear words? Oh no, but the good Lord deliver us!

How she *did* butcher the English she spoke,
Mangled and mauled it in fury carnivorous,
Every known rule of the grammar she broke.
"Oh yes, I seen her; I knowed what she done to him,

You was n't there, or you was n't so near;
Somebody'd ought to of took a big gun to him"—

Think of *that* talk to my sensitive ear!

Yes, she is good, and I know she is beautiful,

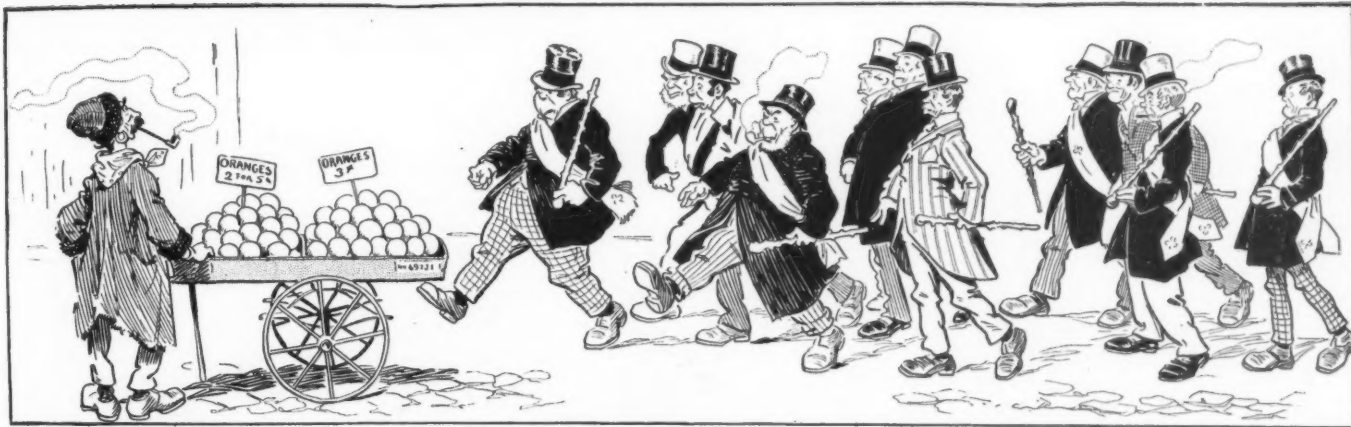
Greatly I hungered to love her, but No!
Sadly I feel that I cannot be dutiful,
Far from her side I am driven to go.
Maybe I'm finicky, cranky, erratical,
But I declare, in a manner most clear,

She whom I love must be fairly grammatical,

Such is the need of my sensitive ear!

Berton Braley.

THE PARADE AND THE PUSHCART.
ORANGES ARE BAD THINGS TO PEDDLE ON THE SIVINTEENTH AV MAR-R-R-CH.



For the finish of this thrilling story, see picture at bottom of page.

SEEING THE SPEAKER.

HURRY UP and get your hat on if you're going. The train comes at half-past five, and he'll only stay about five minutes, probably. Never did see any sense in women going to political speeches. Don't know any more about politics than a jack-rabbit, and yet they've got to go to every speech-making that comes along. And what with the women and children, a man's lucky to get within ten rods of the speaker.

Now we'll have to hurry if we get anywhere near the train. What's that? Yes, he'll speak from the rear platform, and we'll have to get right out on the tracks to hear anything. Afraid of the cars? O shucks, they'll have the railroad yards all cleared out. Hurry up!

Look at the folks going, will you? This is the darndest town I ever saw to go to anything that's free. Half these people are going just out of curiosity. I suppose there ain't one in ten knows enough to appreciate what he says. Just go for a little excitement. Look at the crowd down at the station already! We'll be lucky if we get a good place. Hurry up!

Let's get over this way a little farther. My, ain't there a crowd though? There's Sheriff Miller and Assemblyman Jones, and a lot of the others over there, waiting to shake hands with him. Look at the boys on top of the box-

cars. They're black with 'em. Good Lord! Will you look at that hat! What do you call it anyway? Talk about your flower-garden; it's a regular botanical exhibit. Say, why don't she take a washtub and trim it up with a lilac bush? Let's get over this way a little. Now we're right in front.



IN A YEAR OR SO.

"Beastly nuisance, these waitresses in evening dress! Why, I shook hands with one the other evening, mistaking her for a lady."

Here comes the band. They're late enough, I should say. Now, maybe it's time for the train. Here it comes now! No, it ain't, either;

it's just a switch engine. Look at the folks still coming. The whole town'll be here.

If there's anything I hate, it's standing around waiting. Quarter to six now, and the Lord knows how much longer we'll have to wait. Let's get over this way.

What they all yelling so for? Oh yes, the train's coming! No, by goll!

Fooled again! It's a freight train this time. See the woman with a baby-carriage. Nice place to bring a baby-carriage. Look out, there's another one coming behind us. Darn the things, anyway. There's no getting away from 'em. I suppose when Peary got to the Pole he found a lot of baby-carriages there to stumble over.

Here it comes at last! Hear 'em yell! Better get back a little; they may come in on this track. There he is! See him in the window? Oh, they're going 'way down below us. Hurry up!

There he is, coming out on the platform. Hear 'em yell! Hurray! Hurray! Yi! Yi! Yi! That's Congressman Blank introducing him. Funny-looking little man, ain't he? Can you hear what he says? I can't hear a thing. Hurray! Hurray!

Now he's coming forward himself.

Pretty smart looking, ain't he? Hurray! What's he say? Can't catch a word. What's he say? Now the train's starting.

Hurray! Hurray! I didn't hear a word he said, did you? Never mind, we'll see it all in to-morrow's paper. My, was n't there a crowd, though?

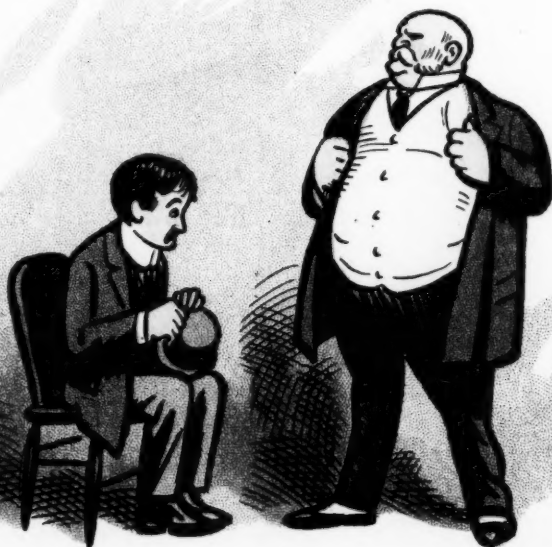
Walter G. Doty.



For the beginning of this tragic incident, see picture at top.

According to Scripture:

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."



As Practiced:

"I ought to have known that a meek little fellow like you could never make a successful salesman, anyway. We want a man who can go out and push and bluff his way to success, understand?"

According to Scripture:

"Agree with thine adversary quickly,"

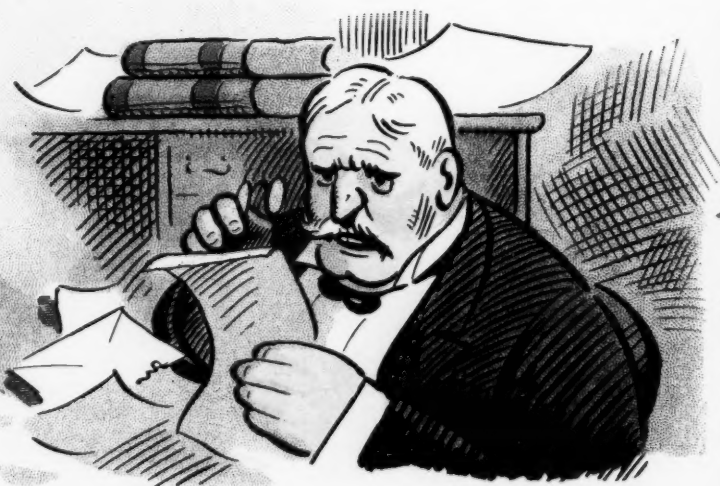


As Practiced:

R. R. ATTORNEY.—That old man who sued us ten years ago has appealed his case again, but I think we can tire him out.

According to Scripture:

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."



As Practiced:

"Aha, we've got Small, Green and Co. where we want 'em at last, and now, by thunder, we'll put the screws on 'em!"

According to Scripture:

"Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink."



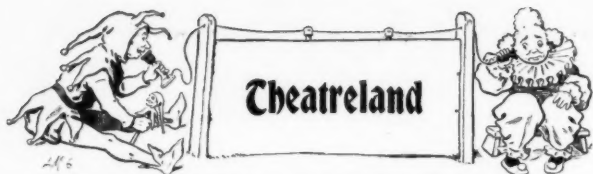
As Practiced:

ER	30
TAIL	1.00
TURTLE	.80
FILET	
OF SOLE	
DOUBLE	
SIRLOIN STEAK	3.00
PLANKED	1.00
ARTICHOKE	1.50
HOLLAND	
LOBSTER	
MAYONNAISE	3.00
PÊCHE	
FLAMBEAU	1.00
SPECIAL	
COFFEE	
BENEDICTINE	

According to Scripture:
 "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth."



As Practiced.



WEEK BEGINNING MARCH THIRTEENTH.

Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
 Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Boss," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A play of labor conditions.
 Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.
 Bijou, Bway and 30th. "The Confession," Evenings 8:15. A new religious drama.
 Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings at 8. A musical panorama in nine pictures.
 Casino, Bway and 30th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8:15. An imported musical novelty in three acts.
 Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York with Nevada.
 Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.
 Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Thais." Evenings 8:15. A dramatization from the opera of "Thais."
 Daly's, Bway and 30th. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.
 Empire, Bway and 40th. William Gillette in "Secret Service." Evenings 8:15. A drama of the Civil War.
 Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections.
 Garrick, 35th bet. 5th and 6th Aves. "The Zebra," by P. M. Potter. Evenings 8:20. A new comedy.
 George M. Cohan's. "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.
 Globe, Bway and 46th. Elsie Jans in "The Slim Princess," with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8:20. A typical musical mixture.



BAIT.

CRAWFORD. — Your hair does n't seem to look as pretty as it did before we were married.
 MRS. CRAWFORD. — Of course not, dear. I used to pay a dollar then to have it marcelled every time you called.

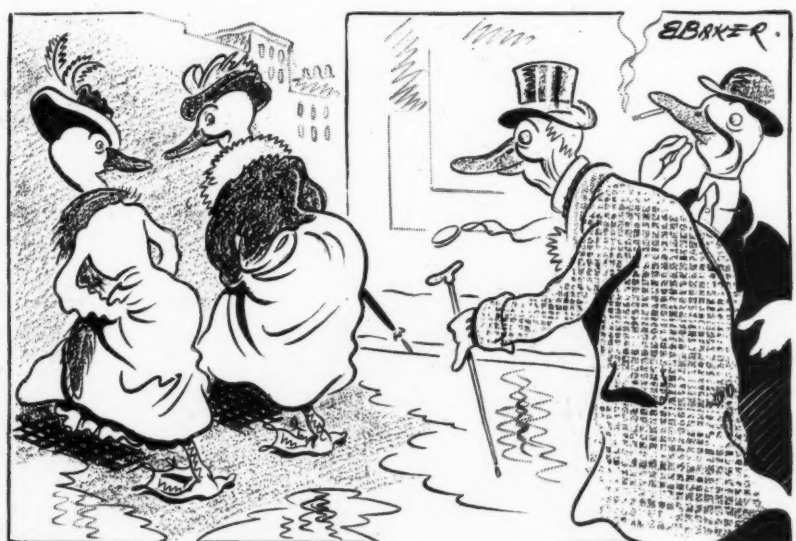
Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. "The Country Boy." Evenings 8:15. A drama contrasting the farm and the city.
 Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:20. A new farcical comedy of matrimonial mix-ups.
 Hammerstein's Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "Every Woman." Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.
 Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d and 44th. "The International Cup." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.
 Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.
 Irving Place. Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.
 Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. Adelaide Norwood. "The Awakening of Mr. Pipp" and "Circumstantial Evidence." Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.
 Knickerbocker, Bway and 30th. Maude Adams in "Chantecler." Edmond Rostand's dramatization. Evenings at 8.
 Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Chas. Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.
 Lyceum, Bway and 45th. "The Seven Sisters," with Charles Cherry. Evenings 8:20. A Hungarian domestic comedy.
 Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.
 Maxine Elliott's, 30th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.
 Nazimova's, 30th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.
 New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy founded on "La Satyre."



HE "SEES AMERICA FIRST" INVARIABLY.

New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. in "The Blue Bird," "The Arrow-Maker," and "The Piper." Evenings 8:30.
 New York, Bway and 45th. Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter," with Edna Wallace Hopper. Evenings 8:15. A rollicking musical race over three hurdles.
 Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
 Shubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzi Hajós, and others. Daily Matinee. Evenings 8:15.
 Wallack's, Bway and 30th St. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.
 Weber's, Bway and 20th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John M'Closkey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.

MRS. FROST. — And was your daughter's experience as a hospital nurse a success?
 MRS. SNOW. — Yes indeed. She was at the hospital only two days before they dismissed her, but in those forty-eight hours she had met six perfectly lovely young doctors.



THE HORRID THINGS.

DOLLY DUCK. — Men are such bold things, are n't they?
 DORIS DUCK. — Yes. Is n't it awful the way those drakes will stand around and stare whenever we walk over a dry spot!

The difference between speculation and peculation is only one letter.

PUCK

HOUSEHOLDER AND BURGLAR.

THE CORRECT MANUAL OF LIGHT CONVERSATION.



HOUSEHOLDER.—Ah! Good evening.

BURGLAR.—Good morning, sir, if you will pardon my correcting you.

H.—Thank you, sir. Good morning. To what am I indebted for this matutinal visit?

B.—To be frank with you, I am a burglar.

H.—I appreciate your frankness, while at the same time I in a manner resent your intrusion.

B.—Ah, pardon me! It must appear an intrusion. I confess it had not struck me in that light, but be so kind as to look upon it in a friendly attitude.

H.—I must repay your courtesy in a corresponding degree. My only regret is that we have not been introduced. Might I dare to ask your name?

B.—Any audacity might be pardoned on such an occasion as this, but I am indescribably pained to have to refuse your request. Still, if you desire it—

H.—I do, with all my heart.

B.—Then call me Bill—a name long ago associated with my profession.

H.—Kindly be seated, Bill. You must have traveled a considerable distance to come to see me. Might I ring this bell and order some refreshments for you?

B.—Sir, there is nothing I so much desire as to accept a highball at your hands, but I fear the ringing of the bell would be attended with some degree of intrusion upon our present charming privacy.

H.—So be it. I have every wish to make you feel at home, especially as I see you have brought a novel form of automatic pistol, the examination of which would undoubtedly give me great pleasure.

B.—I am gratified by your interest, but as I realize that you are at the moment somewhat fatigued, I cannot allow myself to impose upon your kind-hearted endeavor to set me entirely at ease.

H.—You are quite right. I perceive the justice of your remarks. I am sure your hands must be tired holding it. Perhaps if you were to lay it down, together with the life-preserver and the bag you carry, I might feel assured that you were not prepared to make your stay a short one.

B.—Thank you, sir. I am so used to keeping the gun pointed that I feel quite at a loss without it. I hope you will pardon this trifling idiosyncrasy on my part.

H.—Might I hope that you will not feel it incumbent upon you to discharge it in the neighborhood of my head?

B.—I perceive that the pillow is edged with lace. I promise you that I shall not disfigure the pillow in any way by establishing a connection between my pistol and your cranium.

H.—Then, Bill, I may sit up and regard you. Your figure is distinctly interesting. I notice that you affect a mask.

B.—The night air, I assure you, sir, necessitates some such protection for a delicate complexion.

H.—Then, sir, your complexion matches

the delicacy of your behavior. I am deeply touched.

B.—Not yet, but soon, I hope, if I may venture upon such an overworked jest.

H.—Your humor is perfectly in tone. Might I inquire again—I fear my memory is very remiss—where we met before? I seem to recollect your voice.

B.—I would rather that you did not press the point. I am more desirous of oblivion than anything else. But come now, sir, I see that your eyes begin to tire. Might I suggest that you close them?

H.—Not at all. I have rarely felt so wide awake. Why need you go? Your company is more than refreshing.

B.—To tell you the truth, my dear sir, I am a slave to that tyrant of tyrants—duty. In half an hour it is my duty to be a mile from here.

H.—My automobile is at your service. Shall I press this bell and give instructions to the chauffeur and the footman?

B.—Not for worlds! I should never forgive myself were I the innocent cause of rousing them from their well-earned slumbers. Pray dismiss the matter from your mind. As for myself, I shall never forget the kindness which prompted your offer.

H.—Then I can surely do something for you. Your profession is one which deserves encouragement. The stage encourages it. Why not I as a private individual? Sir, if you will permit me to don my dressing-gown I will present you with a souvenir of your visit. Might I dare ask you to excuse me while I cross to my bureau and look in the top left-hand drawer?

B.—Permit me. I should be sorry if you caught cold in the exercise of your hospitality. Do you refer to this brace of Colts which I find in the drawer? They seem to be loaded. My solicitude for your welfare prompts me to withdraw their charges. I am sure that will be more satisfactory.



AN OPPORTUNITY LOST.

BILLY.—Say, what did de old jay want ter know?

REDDY.—Wanted ter know where Wall Street wuz.

BILLY.—Gee! Why didn't yer get him up de alley and skin him at craps?



NO SUCH LUCK.

BOOK-AGENT.—Don't go into that house! There is scarlet fever there.

HIS CO-WORKER.—I could n't catch it if I wanted to. I carry health insurance.

H.—Perfectly. I see there is no use concealing the fact that in a moment of forgetfulness I might have accidentally discharged them in your direction.

B.—Pooh, pooh, sir! You need not be ashamed of the sentiment. My own trigger-finger is sometimes irresponsible to the merciful promptings of my tender heart. I notice, however—you will pardon the necessity which impels me to this—that you have also in the drawer a bank-roll, a box of what seem to be valuable jewels, and several trinkets.

H.—I must pray your instant acceptance of them all. Should you at any time find it incumbent upon you to repeat your visit, I shall make it a point to render your call more fruitful.

B.—Oh, please do not trouble! I would not dream of it. By-the-by, an idea has just occurred to me.

I am afraid I shall have to bind you. Can you suggest any method which would not seriously inconvenience you?

H.—Dear me, my dear William! Do not bother. I shall be perfectly secure as I am.

B.—No trouble at all, I assure you. Perhaps if I were to tap you gently on the left temple you might sleep better. It was excessively inconsiderate of me not to do so before.

H.—It is rather difficult to do so, I think, without underestimating the strength of the blow, and I should hate to have anything done to me which would render you unhappy afterward.

B.—Quite so. Your thoughtfulness overwhelms me. Perhaps the sheet and the cord of your dressing-gown? Allow me. Thank you! And now this handkerchief in your mouth. Perfectly comfortable, I hope?

H.—Dmmm—mmm—mm—ch-ch-ch—mn—!

B.—Don't mention it. Good-night! I shall be careful, as I think you are saying, to close the window after me. These night airs are so dangerous. Many thanks for your souvenirs. So glad to have met you! Good-night again, and happy dreams! R. W. Snedden.

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 "No; That Story Is New to Me; Go Ahead and Tell It."
 "I'm Glad She Didn't Invite Me to Her Party; I Should Have Had to Go."
 "Vote for Slodgers, the People's Choice."
 "I Can't Swim a Stroke, Mr. Ketchley; You'll Have to Teach Me."
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UNTACTFUL.

It was the celebration of Willie's fifth birthday, and he and his little guests sat around the festive table eager to begin the feast, when the host's sister, a comely spinster, marched in bearing aloft a frosted cake, out of which flared up five colored candles.

Murmurs of admiration and awe followed from all sides of the table, and as sister placed the cake squarely on the cloth and drew back, Willie turned his blinking eyes from the five brilliant candles and said enthusiastically: "Sister, if this was your birthday, the whole room'd be ablaze, would n't it?" — *Harpers' Monthly Magazine.*

"The captain told me they kept you alive eight days on brandy and milk."

"Just my luck! I was unconscious all the time."—*M. A. P.*

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

"Look here," exclaimed young Mr. Cotter Tartar, in desperation, "is this or is it not a wedding tour?"

"Why, of course," snapped young Mrs. C. T. "It's our wedding tour. What on earth did you think it was?"

"Well I'm beginning to think it's a lecture tour. Now cut it out! See?" — *Toledo Blade.*

FIRST CANNIBAL.—How did that actor taste?

SECOND CANNIBAL.—He was good in certain parts.—*Columbia Jester.*

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"I am sorry to be critical, my dear," said Mr. Lambkin; "but this pie is not the kind that mother used to make—not by a long shot."

"It's too bad, Henry," said Mrs. Lambkin amiably. "I don't know what to do about it. Perhaps you'd better ring her up on the 'phone and tell her. She sent it over this afternoon."—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

A young attorney not noted for his brilliancy recently appeared in court to ask for an extra allowance in an action in which he was so fortunate as to be retained. The Court, not discovering anything unusual, complicated, or extraordinary about the litigation, inquired of the young man:

"What is there about this case that to you seems extraordinary?"

"That I got it," blandly and innocently replied the young aspirant for fees.
—*Case and Comment*.

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AT SEA.

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DETECTIVE.—"T ain't my fault. The reporters are down on me, and they
won't tell me nothing."—*Pathfinder.*

GOSSIP IN THE GUARDROOM.

"They tell me 'Arry is a bloomin'
fine marksman."

"'E's pretty fairish. When they 'ad
them bloody Hanarchists of 'Ounds-
ditch cooped up the other d'y, 'Arry
missed the 'ouse only three times out
of five!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



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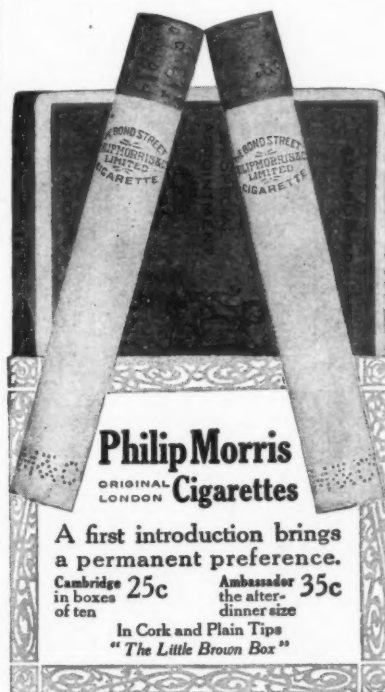
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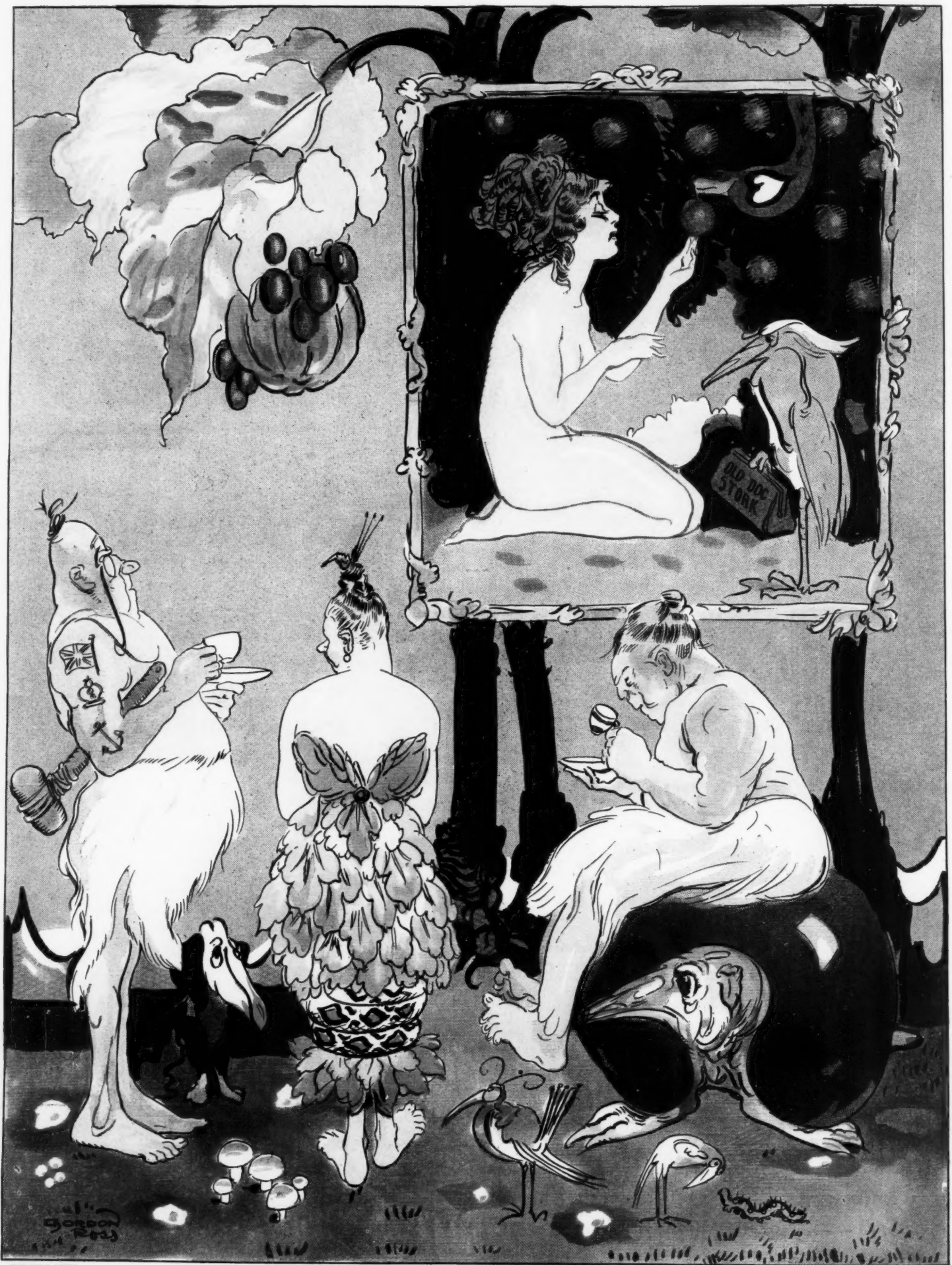
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—*Yonkers Statesman.*



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In the family gallery of Adam and Eve there were, of course, portraits of themselves at the time of their marriage. Eve always colored slightly when she showed these.
 "How ridiculous styles look, after a few years!" she exclaimed, and hastened to change the subject.